The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 579

WE CAN BUILD SHIPS FASTER *William Brownell* 582

NEW TYPE OF FOREIGN SERVICE *Edward Skillin, jr.* 584

NOTES ON FASCISM III *Georges Bernanos* 587

EDEN DAWN (*Verse*) *Virginia Arnold* 588

COMMUNICATIONS 589

THE STAGE *James N. Vaughan* 590

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 590

EDITORS' CHOICE

Between the Thunder and the Sun—Economic Aspects of Industrial Decentralization—California's Missions

MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 593

Seven Came Through—The Great Age of Greek Literature—Old Principles and the New Order—We Landed at Dawn—The Larks of Umbria—The Better Life

THE INNER FORUM *Francis X. Murphy* 595

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

A Program to Be Renewed

FOR the average American keyed up to the daily intensification of the war there is something over-calm if not downright dull about the subject of recipocal trade agreements. The persistent development of closer economic ties, country by country, instituted and carried through by the Administration, and notably by Secretary Hull, is widely recognized as a solid step toward building a sound Pan Americanism; it was a kingpin in the Good Neighbor Policy, but why bring it up right now?

The enabling Trade Agreements Act is up for renewal in Congress. Hearings should begin in the House Ways and Means Committee this month. It would be folly to assume that the Act will be renewed automatically. It will provoke intense political opposition. To take one example, the interests that have succeeded for years in barring the importation of Argentine beef on the grounds of sanitation are still doing business at the old stand in Washington. If anything they are emboldened by the way Ed O'Neal and the Farm Bureau have tucked Congress into their pocket. The Administration forces are numerically far weaker than they were when the original bill was enacted. And they are far more susceptible to pressure groups.

One of the dodges which hostile Congressmen will resort to is to advocate renewing the Act for a single year. Another is to require Senate ratification for each and every trade agreement made under the renewed Act. Both are in the wrong direction. They would not only dilute and weaken the Reciprocal Trade Program itself, but they would dissipate whatever confidence there is in Latin America and among the United Nations generally that we are in this struggle for freedom, peace and order to stay. Memories of 1919 are too vividly in the minds of our present Allies to allow us to court such danger. Rejection, watering down or drastically curtailing the period of operation of the new Trade Agreements Act would be all that is needed to indicate that once the present aggressors are effectively disarmed we shall again retire from the scene.

Hence the importance of watching the papers and insisting when the chips are down that the Trade Agreements Act be renewed without serious amendment, for at least three years.

Back to Tortillas

ON Saint Patrick's Day the House of Representatives of the United States passed by a vote of 195 to 81 a resolution introduced by Mr. Cannon of Missouri (H.J.Res.96) intended to relieve labor shortages on American farms. The purpose of this piece of legislation is beyond criticism; there are labor shortages in American agriculture which threaten our food production; something needs to be done about them; there are things which can be done. But unfortunately the mentality which characterizes our rural reactionaries and big farm owners was allowed to incorporate in this measure certain provisions which are evil in themselves and likely to work great injustices. The resolution as passed is a slap at the Farm Security Administration. This government agency, which seems to be on the skids politically, is one of the finest efforts of the New Deal. Its broad purpose is to rehabilitate depressed farmers, to improve the shocking living and working conditions of our rural proletariat.

Of course FSA has made mistakes. The task it set itself was a new task, and there was little past experience to serve as guide. But by and large FSA's record has been good, and it has won the gratitude of vast numbers among our rural population. But the FSA is anathema to the big farmers, if for no other reason than because they resent any attempt whatever to improve the conditions of farm labor. Thus in the debate on the Cannon resolution Mr. Anderson of California saw fit to make the following crack: "It looks to me as though the Farm Security Administration is more interested in teaching Mexican laborers to eat steak and pie instead of tortillas and frijoles than in harvesting our crops. Enough of social reforms and confusion—let us have some action."

And so the Cannon resolution appropriates

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some $26,000,000 for the purpose of "recruiting, training, and placement of farm labor . . ." But the money is to be spent by the Office of Extension Service in the Department of Agriculture, and by the various state extension services, not by FSA. And the resolution specifically provides: "That no part of the funds herein appropriated nor any of the funds hitherto appropriated or made available to the Secretary of Agriculture for the recruitment, transportation and placement of farm labor shall be used directly or indirectly to fix, regulate, or impose minimum wages or housing standards, to regulate hours of work, or to impose or enforce collective-bargaining requirements or union membership with respect to any agricultural labor . . ."

On Saint Patrick's Day an amendment was added to the resolution as follows: "That no part of the funds herein appropriated shall be expended for the transportation of any worker from the county where he resides or is working to a place of employment outside of such county without the prior consent in writing of the county extension agent of such county; or for the transportation of any worker outside of the limits of the State where he resides or is working without the prior consent in writing of the commissioner of agriculture for such State, or other official who performs similar functions for such State."

And thus the House threatens what little improvement we have been able to make in the status of rural workers, in substance abrogates our agreement with the Mexican government regarding Mexican farm workers imported into this country, and ensures, by means of the amendment just quoted, a continuing reservoir of cheap labor in the South.

There are times when telegrams and letters to Senators are in order.

Tricky Dynamite

ANOTHER round in the featured bout over WLB's Little Steel Formula has clanged to a finish, with both boxers (labor and industry) and the referee too (government) reeling like drunken sailors, but all still on their feet and punching. By a vote of 8 to 4, the industry and public members of the board combined on March 22 to turn down labor's petition that the 15 percent yardstick for wage increases be revised in view of a 20-22 percent increase in the cost of living.

Speaking for industry, Mr. Roger Lapham pointed out that on a weekly basis labor's pay has increased over 50 percent since January, 1941, which leaves a cushion of nearly 30 percent to absorb the rise in general prices. For the public members Wayne Morse remarked that as long as the board is still free to adjust gross inequalities and while other government agencies are still struggling to check prices, he was not convinced that a spread of 7 percent between raises and cost of living was enough to justify scrapping the formula and thereby giving another boost to prices and endangering the whole anti-inflation effort. Both he and Chairman Davis, however, made it clear that the formula would have to be thrown out in the event of "radical changes in living costs," now threatened by the Bankhead and Pace Bills' provisions for a jump in farm prices.

This inflation problem is so tricky and the consequences of any drastic action so loaded with potential dynamite that we are inclined to support the position of Messrs. Morse and Davis. And this without commenting as to the legitimacy of Mr. Lapham's figures. We also applaud the agreement of the labor members to stick with the board, accepting the decision with good, or at least fair, grace, while retaining the democratic right to continue their fight for revision of the formula.

The public-spirited attitude of these men highlights again the irresponsible threats of John L. Lewis to pull his 450,000 soft-coal miners out on strike if substantial raises are not forthcoming, and his violent denunciation of the WLB, Mr. Byrnes, and the entire inflation control setup. Perhaps it is true that Brother Lewis is due for a lesson in democratic procedure, a lesson he could well use, by the way, in the operation of his own United Mine Workers.

On the other hand, we feel obliged to repeat our warning of last week that Congress is riding hell-bent for trouble if it allows the impression to continue that labor alone must take it full in the neck while the green light is flashed for every profit-hungry lobby of big business farmers and plain ordinary big business.

And Next Week, Russia

FOR THE last two weeks we have been attempting an analysis of certain aspects of the Russian situation. This week the necessity of discussing several immediate problems forces us to do no more than summarize what has already been said, and promise our readers that in next week's issue we shall present them with what we believe to be a sensible approach to the whole question of relations between Russia and England and ourselves. Since we pointed out, two weeks ago, that the Soviet State seems to be trying to take over the Orthodox Church, rather than annihilate it, we have had a number of indications that this is substantially the correct view. Politically, as we said last week, Russia faces East, and therefore wants heavy padding for her back to the West. Certainly the news confirms this view. And the dual aspect of Soviet policy—emphasizing now a Russian patriotism, now a devotion to world revolution—continues to be strikingly manifest.

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Giraud and the Jews

SO LONG as the Turks directed Algerian affairs it is probable that the question of who should be allowed to vote never arose. When Algeria became a French department it became necessary that Algeria should be able to send to Paris its quota of senators and deputies and therefore, since under the laws of the Third Republic these representatives had to be elected, there had also to be electors. Since Algeria was a conquered agglomeration of diverse races it was of course obvious and desirable that the conquerors—the French colonists—should form and maintain the basis of voting power in this newly acquired field of democracy. For highly moral reasons it was, of course, inconceivable to permit the Islamic majority of the population to vote and install on French soil their dogma, their polygamy, their science and their law. So, at first, the French colonists, and various Europeans who had acquired French citizenship, formed the electorate. But all was not well. In a democracy there are parties, and parties depend for their strength upon numbers, and there were one or more parties which drew their strength from the colonists' vote, but there were others who looked upon the turbulent and voteless multitudes in the cities: in Algiers, in Oran, in Bone, in Constantine, and who said it would be well if these people should be allowed to vote—for us.

The Crémieux act was passed. It was something like the formula the American immigration people make immigrants fill out. It demanded of the citizen that he accept certain established customs and a certain basic law—in this case the Napoleonic code. Among other things it asked—just as we do when the ships dock at New York—do you advocate polygamy? Well, the Berbers, the Algerian Moslems do advocate this practice, although they rarely can afford it, and so they were excluded. On the other hand large numbers of the extraordinarily mixed population which fills Algerian cities, as it fills and has always filled all Mediterranean cities—Barcelona, Marseilles, Naples—could answer truthfully that for them it was as easy to accept the laws and customs of the Third Republic as it was impossible to enter the Islamic world of which they formed and could form no part. Notably the native Jews who had suffered under the Turks, under the Spanish, who had lived for centuries in a world which was not theirs, entered into citizenship, delightedly into the exciting political debates of citizenship, gratefully into a security they had never known.

The Vichy Government, breaking the hearts of brave French officers of Jewish descent, breaking the hearts of countless loyal and devoted Frenchmen, and shaming the hearts of all Frenchmen, incidentally disenfranchised also those citizens of Algiers who were of Jewish origin.

In due time the four freedoms arrived in North Africa. In due time General Giraud abrogated all Vichy decrees. In a speech which felicitously presented a quotation from Lincoln to the population of Algiers, he pledged that the French people, after victory, would choose their own government under full Republican liberties. He then proceeded to abolish a Republican law—the Crémieux law—and his action which seems curiously illogical has furnished the sea-green incorruptibles of the American anti-State Department press with a reason for crying betrayal. They were getting short of reasons. Things were going too well.

So that now there is an Algerian Jewish problem. All men must be free wherever we go. All men must be citizens wherever they live.

Very well then. If General Giraud is inconsequent let us be consequent. As Mr. Krock, of the *Times*, once threatened: if the French will not behave it might conceivably be possible that some one some day might call our attention to the Moslem problem and then where would that leave the French? I do not know where it would leave the French. I know where it would leave the ex-Jewish voter of the ex-French department of Algiers—in the harbor with a stone tied round his neck. For the Moslems have not been made happy by the entrance of Algerian Jews into a system which dominates them and from which they are excluded. That is the fault of the French. Wherever the French go a great deal of what makes France magnificent and admired is carried with them. A great deal of the freedom they have illustrated is carried with them. Populations subject to them learn the immortal principles. Men do not travel as angels travel. They do not travel light. Men carry with them heavy oppression and greed. But it is only through their travels that the ideas and the ideals which also they carry can be spread afar. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, whether borne by the French or the Americans cannot be delivered special, and please sign a receipt for we have to get back to the office.

I do not know the reasons which induced General Giraud to abolish the Crémieux Act. I am not even absolutely certain that he has done so—in the sense generally understood—for Vichy had already reversed the provisions of the Act and it is possible that he has simply swept aside the Act together with its modifications in order to prepare new legislation. I know only that the status of the Algerian Jew is intimately connected with the status of the Algerian Moslem. I know also that Algeria—with a war on—is not a closed experimental station for the absolutes of democratic perfection. I know also that those Americans who are hysterical about Giraud's anti-semitism are doctrinaire.

C. G. PAULDING.

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We Can Build Ships Faster

Paging our famed efficiency somewhere astray in the shipyards.

By **William Brownell**

IF YOU had never been in a shipyard and you were to walk through one which, according to the newspapers, had been breaking production records right and left, you would probably be amazed at the number of workmen standing round, doing absolutely no work. If you were to climb deep down into the hold of one of the ships in construction you might be even more surprised. You would see men and women sitting round leisurely talking. You would see men playing tit-tat-toe, working out puzzles, reading, doing most anything but working.

How, you might well ask, can a company turn out ships in record time when nine-tenths of its workmen stand around? And I, who have been a workman in the shipyards for close to two years, would answer you as follows: it is true that some ships are being built in record time, and it is also true that the general average output has increased steadily, but the waste of manpower still is appalling and there is no reason why ship production could not be increased tremendously if it were not for a number of problems which keep a man from doing a full day's work in the yards. The record-breaking company is successful simply because it has these problems under better control. They are by no means solved. I am not alone in this opinion. I share it in common with most every workman who has put in a month in the yards.

These delaying factors are partly the fault of the management, partly the fault of the unions, partly the fault of the workmen. No one group shares the brunt of the responsibility, just as no one group is completely blameless.

Primary among these problems is the strict craft organization of shipyard trades. Let me give you an example of just how badly this craft set-up can work. I am what is known in the yards as a flanger. Several days ago, I was assigned to put up a small deck beam. In order to put it where it was supposed to go, I needed something to stand on. It was necessary for me to find a stage rigger who was not busy and who would be willing to "place" a small wooden "horse" for me to stand on. After doing this, I found that the beam did not fit correctly, so I had to find a shipfitter to mark it to be cut. Then, it was of course important to have an acetylene burner cut it with his hand torch to the proper length. Once I had the piece in place, I needed a welder to tack it for me and then, before leaving the job, I had to find the shipfitter again and have him approve it before it was finally welded. The job took me four hours. Although I am not a particularly experienced man, I am certain that I could have performed all of these operations myself and it would have taken me about an hour. And so could any other man who had been in the shipyards over six months.

The example I have given is, of course, extreme, but not nearly so extreme as you might imagine. Take, for example, the operations involved in putting a plate of steel in place on one of the ships.

(1) The place in which the plate is to go is marked out by the shipfitter.

(2) The shipwrights, with the aid of a welder, place landing blocks in the proper places.

(3) The riggers guide the plate to its proper destination as it is lowered by the crane.

(4) The shipwrights fasten it securely with turnbuckles.

(5) The shipfitters check it for height, length and if necessary have a burner trim it.

(6) The shipwrights place it in its exact location.

(7) The flangers, with the aid of a welder, prepare it for final welding.

Seven operations, performed by the men of six different trades, when perhaps two or three men could do the whole thing. You might wonder: Why don't three men go ahead and do it? The reason is simple. Because of the strict craft organizational set-up of the AFL unions. If I were to do the stage rigger's work, or he mine, I would be liable to a fine from his union and vice versa.

Why does the union require observance of this craft set-up? Primarily it is a hangover from the depression days when the unions, fighting to obtain jobs for their members, were attempting to create as many separate crafts as possible. The unions point out in defense of the present system that certain men have been trained to do certain specific jobs. When they encroach on the jobs of others, they are liable to do poor work, and furthermore they are endangering their fellow men when they are working with tools with which they are not experienced.

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This is true, although many of the operations are so simple that they endanger no one. Certainly the craft lines could be loosened considerably to everyone's advantage. You would find too, if you were to investigate, that the yards having the best production records are those where the lines between trades are the loosest.

Of equal importance as a source of delay is the lack of proper planning and over-all co-ordination. When Henry J. Kaiser's Richmond Shipyard No. 2 turned out the now famous *Robert E. Peary* in seven days, every detail of construction, including the sequence of work from the driving of the first rivet to the installation of the galley stove was worked out to the minutest detail. If a little of the same careful planning were applied to all the ships being built, not just those with which it is planned to break a record, it would be amazing just how many more ships would be completed, how many more men would be kept busy.

* * *

I can cite example after example of woefully bad planning, or complete lack of it. I have seen sections of double bottom welded into place, then torn out again because it was discovered that important piping had not yet been put in. I have seen thousands of pieces of material put into place, and then torn out because someone overlooked something that should have been done first. I have waited for as long as two weeks with absolutely nothing to do. My instructions from day to day being: "Go as far down into the ship as you can and keep out of sight." The reason? Not a material shortage. Not a shortage of other craftsmen. The engineering office had sent the shipfitters incorrect blueprints. A whole section of the ship had been put into place incorrectly and solidly welded. We had to wait until the chippers and burners had cut it loose and then start all over again.

One mistake of such magnitude would be understandable. But there are numerous such mistakes.

It must be admitted that a part of these mistakes are due to the shortage of skilled labor, particularly coordinators, draftsmen, and shipfitter bosses. This is a very real problem, and one which is not easily solved. However, there are several things which might be done to help.

In the big shipyards, for example the Richmond yards, mistakes of the sort mentioned above are less numerous even though the labor is, if anything, below the average in skill. The reason is that these yards build standardized ships. One is the same as the other. For this reason, the men in the various trades soon learn just how the hulls are put together. They have one job and it is identical to the job they just completed on a previous ship. In the small yards, where first one type of ship is built and then another, the men really never do learn their jobs. If somehow, it could be arranged so that each yard, as far as possible, built a particular type of ship, unskilled labor would soon become skilled enough to handle the job.

Highly controversial, but to my mind even more important to the solution of the skilled labor shortage problem, is the selection of men for the armed services. In my opinion, it has become time for selective service officials to become really selective about whom they draft from the yards. Few of the men would hesitate about joining up if they felt that their services were needed more in the army or navy than in the shipyards. But doesn't it seem a duplicity of effort to draft a man with a year's experience in the shipyards and spend perhaps an equal amount of time training him to be a soldier while the company spends more valuable time training a new man to take his place? The boat builders need good, strong, physically fit men. There are many physically gruelling jobs in the shipyards which neither an older man nor a woman could handle. Every day, however, experienced men are lost from the yards. There may be a time when this is necessary, but is it now?

An acute shortage of materials, according to the newspapers, is another cause for delay, although it has seldom been noticeable in the shipyards in which I have worked. What delays of this nature there have been, I would say, could very easily be remedied by more careful planning. So far as I have seen, what has been termed a shortage of material has actually been a surplus of mistakes. For example, when a piece of steel plate is accidentally cut too short and it is necessary to wait for another like it. Mistakes such as this result in one of the silliest practices in the shipyards. I refer to what is termed in the yards as pirating.

When steel plates are brought into the yards, they are immediately classified and labeled as to which ship they are to be used on and where. But suppose a shipfitter foreman makes a bad mistake in cutting the plate which is to be used on his ship. To cover up his mistake, he will lift one of the identical plates or a similar plate which is earmarked for one of the other boats. Then, when the steel checker on a second of the hulls hunts for this plate, he discovers it missing. He checks with the shipping department and finds that the plate is supposed to have been shipped, but it just isn't there, so it is marked down on the shipping record as "lost" and the men have to wait for another plate of the same type to be shipped. A foreman of one of the steel yards once told me that 500 tons of steel plate was missing from the yard, largely he thought, because of this practice. The answer to this type of shortage is so obvious as to need no further discussion.

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Lastly, we come to those causes of delay which we have read so very much about in the public press—loafing, absenteeism, and the switching of jobs. Undoubtedly these things are important, but they are, in my opinion, and in the opinion of many shipyard workers, surface indications of the other causes of delay previously mentioned.

Loafing aptly illustrates my case. Few men actually like to loaf. If they are kept busy, the time goes faster, and they feel a certain sense of accomplishment. Several days ago, one of my friends came up to me just before quitting time. "I have just put in the toughest day of my life," he said.

"What did you do?" I asked him.

"I did absolutely nothing," was his answer.

Take it from me, or from any shipyard worker. It's no fun to sit in the dark, deafeningly noisy hold of a ship and twiddle your thumbs for eight hours. Yet if there is no work for you to do, nothing they will allow you to do, that is just exactly what you are up against.

Of course in time a man becomes demoralized. After he sits around and waits for so long, he actually doesn't feel much like working when it is offered. He has become too thoroughly adapted to loafing. "I am so used to loafing," one fellow told me, "that when I go back to normal life again, I will probably lose the first job I land."

There is no denying that there are some actual loafers—men, and women, too—who before the war were considered unemployables, who are so thoroughly ingrained with the loafing habit, that they never will work. The sooner they are eliminated from the shipbuilding program the better.

Absenteeism has roots similar to those of loafing. If a man has enough to do to keep his interest, to keep him stimulated, he is not likely to miss work very often. Of course there are a few drunkards, a few ne'er-do-wells, but they are an extreme minority. We must realize, however, that many men and women are new to industrial work of the type one finds in the shipyards. Many of them get hurt—the great majority not seriously, but enough to keep them away from work for a few days. Because of the crowded living conditions, the close quarters in which thousands of men work, numerous others are the victims of various epidemics. Conjunctivitis swept the yards last year. This year, flu and penumonia are on the rampage. Other workmen have so much trouble with transportation facilities that sometimes they just give up trying to make it to work. This problem, however, is under much better control than it was a few months ago.

Job switching used to result from labor pirating—one shipyard, in competition with another for labor, offering more pay, better conditions of work, quicker advancement. Since jobs are now fairly well frozen, this problem is less acute. Now, the only reason for quitting is dissatisfaction.

In spite of the very dreary picture I have painted of the shipyards on the Pacific Coast, there is actually much good work done, but there is no reason why we could not build ships much faster if the obstacles to work which I have mentioned could be recognized for what they are and overcome. Shipyard workmen are of every age, degree of education, race, political creed, and religious conviction. There are farmers and ballet dancers, insurance salesmen and hardened steel mill workers, but most all are willing to work and work hard when the opportunity is offered.

New Type of Foreign Service

Officers and civilians prepare to participate in the common task of administration overseas.

By **Edward Skillin, Jr.**

AS over against the Axis New Order, which the conquered peoples have come to know in actuality as spoliation and slavery—even if the victims make every allowance for the exigencies of war—the United Nations are holding aloft the ideals of liberty and bread. North Africa is supposed to be the first major field for relief and rehabilitation, and other countries and areas will follow when liberated.

The task ahead boasts proportions that truly beggar description. Much of the liberated territory will have served as a battleground in an all-out war in which the policy on both sides has been "scorched earth." Other areas have been blockaded or stripped of everything. Liberation for many lands means the overthrow of the existing government with the chaos and anarchy that result. The cruelties of this war have so aroused in the conquered peoples the passions for revenge and retribution that preventing wholesale slaugh-

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ter will be one of the biggest jobs of all. There are the immediate needs—of food and medicine and nursing—where the British blockade and German confiscations have done their deadly work. There are, particularly, millions of children, stunted, feeble and resentful from malnutrition, whom thus far we have been unwilling to assist so long as Germany or Italy ruled over them. And just as new life has to be injected into these wasted bodies, new hopes and aspirations have to be enkindled in their hearts.

The scope and complexity of this common task indicate without question that only trained and competent military authorities and civilian administrators can hope to deal with it. And Americans will have to be prominent on the civilian side, at least, not so much because a great proportion of the essential food, medicine, farm implements and factory machinery must be ours, but because Americans are not so caught up in the nationalistic passions—now doubly virulent—that have been one of the principal explanations why modern European civilization has never come to full flower.

Hence the key importance of the course in International Administration in progress for the past eight months at Columbia University in New York. The one hundred and twenty-five students now following it are divided between American naval officers (the military authority) and civilians of various kinds (the civilian administration). The civilians are further subdivided into men from Civilian Public Service Camps (run by various religious groups for conscientious objectors) and individual students taking the course completely on their own. Except for the fact that the Navy sends one hundred officers to take the course, it has no official status. Actually the great bulk of the preparation for military administration of occupied territories is being carried out by official Army training centers. The Columbia course is an experiment and the exact form it will take next year will greatly depend on the kind of training the Lehman relief and rehabilitation commission calls for. Yale University began a somewhat similar course in international administration February 1, and several other major institutions of learning, East and West, plan to introduce similar courses as soon as more is heard from the Lehman Commission (the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations) and the Navy.

Outlook and Method

The civilians in the Columbia course have designated five countries or areas in which they hope to secure assignments: France, Germany, Italy, the Balkans or China. There is no necessary assumption that American culture is superior or more developed than any other culture. The purpose of studying the physical, economic and political geography of the various regions, the laws, social institutions, culture patterns, the ways of making a living, the leisure-time activities, of the areas in question seems to be to establish as complete familiarity as possible; the object is *not* to try to find out how to Americanize them.

Accordingly each civilian student designates a major and a minor field for his investigations. A dozen of them study French, as it has been found that this language is of some use in almost any land. Each one takes up a second foreign language. If the territory in which he prefers to work is not liberated for a while, or if the overseas assignment he obtains places him elsewhere, it may well prove to be in the country or area which is his second choice. Wherever he is sent the knowledge of two foreign languages and two cultures will be invaluable.

The Columbia course is now under the supervision of Schuyler Wallace of the department of government, while a number of members of the political science and other departments at the university contribute their specialized knowledge. In order to cover the ground necessary within only twelve months (to complete the course by August), the program has to be an intense one—day and night.

Certain evenings a week throughout the year the members of the course have dinner with some expert on international relief and rehabilitation and hear a confidential first-hand account of his experiences. They also have a chance to ask him questions. The following random list of a few of these speakers gives an idea of their range and caliber: Brigadier-General Haskell, associate of Herbert Hoover in European relief after the last war, China relief in the 1920's, now a member of the Lehman Commission; Dean Joseph Barker of Columbia, special assistant to the Secretary of the Navy, administrator during the occupation of Germany in the last war; Dr. J. J. Golub of the Hospital for Joint Diseases, who as a member of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee directed medical relief in Poland and Russia after the last war; Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee, who directed relief in Germany and in France in both wars; Rev. Edmund Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown, who administered relief in Russia after the last war; Dr. Jacob Weiner, expert on monetary problems in occupied territories that are to be rehabilitated.

The day following the dinner discussions the group is organized as a seminar to sift from these first-hand experiences the principles which may be invaluable for meeting somewhat similar situations today. In this way the students get in touch with the widest sort of practical experience and analyze actual situations. By this means sound guideposts are set up.

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It is said that most of the naval officers enrolled in International Administration at Columbia are especially fitted for administering occupied zones through professional experience or work abroad; many of them are fresh from civilian life. They join the civilian groups for the discussion dinner sessions just mentioned above.

In the civilian group two of the fifteen young men from the Civilian Public Service Camps are the sons of Protestant missionaries in China, the land to which they hope to return for reconstruction work. Two others of the group hope to join them. All the rest, both the independent individual students and those sent to Columbia by various religious groups, are training for reconstruction work in parts of Europe. George Mathues, for instance, who was assistant director of the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors' camp at Stoddard, N. H., is preparing for civilian administration work in Germany.

Fittingly enough the Civilian Public Service representatives live at International House where they mingle with fellow students of every race and nation. A number of them wish their present course were less exacting so that they might participate to a greater extent in the many events scheduled to enable Columbia students from many lands to get to know each other better.

A number of those who have enrolled in this course have done so because they realize what a tremendous job there is to be done. Preparing for International Administration work is a step toward participating directly in the great drama by which the modern world seeks to reshape itself; yet it does not involve shedding the blood of one's fellow man. Hence the interest in this work on the part of certain young men who have grown up under deep religious influence. The civilian students at Columbia have no guarantee that successful completion of the course will assure them the positions for which they are trained. And if one of them receives an assignment and goes to some country which has not been hard hit, his work may be completed as soon as the first crops are harvested. But although guarantees of employment are lacking, the need for trained administrators in this field is obvious; we had very few of them after the last war.

Columbia itself is eager for a go ahead signal from the Lehman Commission that it may start to enroll a new group for this summer for a new course revised on the basis of this year's experience and the personnel requirements of the Commission. Further it is their hope that a number of universities in different parts of the country will offer their broad educational facilities for the type of training in languages, science, literature, sociology—in fact whatever branches of human knowledge make a foreign people better understood.

The courses at Yale

The Foreign Areas Studies, begun at Yale two months ago, are quite similar to the courses offered at Columbia. In both cases an A.B. degree or its equivalent is required for civilians except for students with extraordinary qualifications. The languages offered at Yale in this connection are a good indication of the many areas in which Americans may be called on to serve as administrators: Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Russian, Malayan, Chinese and Japanese. Designed to provide a speaking knowledge "each course will meet ten hours a week and is expected to occupy one-half a student's time."

The divisions of countries and peoples in the Yale Studies include Latin America, England and the British Commonwealth, France, Germany, the Soviet Union, China, Japan and the Southwest Pacific. A special feature is a series of "lectures illustrated by carefully selected moving and still pictures, showing the physical environment, economic life and culture of the people and the country." Studies in Food, Nutrition and Public Health are included under "General Orientation and Refresher Courses." The Yale scheme is now to be expanded to include basic training in relief and reconstruction work.

Some of the students at New Haven expect eventually to be assigned to administrative duties with the Army. Others will in all probability serve overseas with the Red Cross, the American Friends Service Committee and possibly the Lehman Commission. "The aim is not to train candidates in their respective duties but to provide them with the tools necessary to the effective performance of those duties in foreign countries." The experience of Columbia and Yale should prove invaluable to other institutions.

Current news indicates that the war is far from won; yet the rumble of a new isolationism is already heard. If this time the United States is to assume our due responsibilities in a governed world, nothing will give stronger proof of the genuineness of our intention than the sound preparation of hundreds of civilian administrators who will collaborate with the military occupying authorities and enable the liberated peoples to start life afresh with real hope of making a go of things. Such civilians will also be of immense value in the difficult transition from foreign, or international, military control to domestic self-government in these areas. These men have a vital role to play. And the United States will not readily be able to withdraw from the rest of the world again if many of our citizens—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—are across the seas helping to administer war-torn lands and actually putting into operation the financial, economic, medical, rehabilitation and educational programs that will solidify the foundation for peace.

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Notes on Fascism III

Abyssinia once more, whether you like it or not.

By **Georges Bernanos**

MY LAST ARTICLE possibly annoyed more than one reader who will blame me, most likely, for bringing up again the Ethiopian war, when that war, after so many horrors, seems now almost as remote as the war of 1914. Does such a reader believe that his reluctance to recall this past history is quite as disinterested as it seems? Perhaps that past, which is nevertheless so near at hand, awakens in him something close to remorse. Perhaps not. Perhaps he may be one of those honorable people in whom—at the time—party spirit stifled his common sense and his sense of honor. Could he have been perhaps among those who said that these crimes were committed at a great distance from here, in a country without telegraph and without newspapers, and therefore soon forgotten; that after all Mussolini—mistakenly thought the champion of property-owners against communism—could be allowed to do what he wished with some innocent beings whose skin is not even the same color as our own.

Yes, that is the way millions and millions of Christians reasoned it out at the time. They thought they had taken only one step toward hypocrisy, they imagined that they could go one step forward and two steps back, and when the time came a step back would suffice to put them back on the right road, but we know how God always sets at naught that kind of calculation. An inflexible logic links these unfortunate men more and more to a crime whose consequences they were compelled to justify one after the other. Each justification of a new crime bound them to a crime to come. Deceiving others, they finally succeeded in deceiving themselves, they became prisoners of their own casuistry.

Once again I insist that I am not condemning these men, I greatly fear, alas, that they live—humanly speaking—in a sort of complete righteousness which is terribly close to what in another language is called hardness of heart—which, I am perfectly willing to admit, is none of my business. I state simply, I proclaim with all the strength I possess, that a man now, in the present hour, who, in spite of all that he knows, in spite of all he sees, still has any illusions about the totalitarian ideal, must be considered incurable. If such a man be a Christian then the prognosis—as doctors would call it—is even darker. Must I repeat that I do not in the least claim to judge the guilt of those of whom I speak; the leper is not responsible for his leprosy. Yet his innocence makes it no less idiotic to refuse to isolate him. The comparison is imperfect. There are germ carriers who without showing any of the advanced signs of disease still can transmit that disease at any moment. And in this sense I admit, willingly enough, that among fascists one can find pious people who never miss Mass, priests or members of religious orders who most conscientiously fulfill the duties of their ministry. The virus which has poisoned millions of consciences until little by little it has rendered them insensitive to the suffering, the agony and the death of multitudes has not spread and grown in their hearts. Yet they can and will transmit it to others, less resistant than themselves, and those others will become, when time and circumstance are ripe, the ferocious young beasts who are terrorizing Europe and for whom the life of an adversary is worth no more than that of a fly.

I believe that one may not hope to check this contagion, for its nature precisely is to spread in a hidden fashion and discreetly. Propagation is not necessarily a synonym for propaganda. One can combat acts, writing, words; it is impossible to check or to repress silence. And it is most certain nevertheless that the silence of certain men brings to Injustice an assistance more effective than thousands of speeches or pamphlets.

Mr. Churchill has told the House of Commons that Hitler had fifty thousand people shot in Kiev. The "right-minded" friends of Mr. Mussolini and Mr. Hitler will say that there is no formal proof of this fact, they will probably question Mr. Churchill's word. But what they will not be able to deny is that, at the very moment that I write, every inhabitant of a European city governed by the Axis police force can ask himself each morning if before the sun set he will not be called upon to pay with his own life for an assault, a real or an imaginary assault, made by an unknown man against a nazi soldier—one hundred Jews, Czechs or Poles for a single German, such is the posted price list. In certain Polish cities particularly decimated by the war, it proved on occasion impossible to reach the total calculated on this monstrous ratio, and in those cases, since there

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were not enough adults, they shot twelve year old children. I have no idea whether or not the pious persons whom I have mentioned will dare to deny these facts, which are known to everyone.

At the very least such persons will have to admit that the facts are not at all in contradiction with the method and spirit of a régime which cynically boasts that it will exterminate the Jews. And if that is true, then what is the use of further argument? It is not necessary to approve or to publicly excuse these atrocities for one to be morally in the position of accomplice. If one single man, officially a minister to souls, can be rightfully suspected of having any sympathy whatever for the executioners, then that, in itself, is an intolerable scandal, which disturbs man's conscience, and harms, irreparably, the notion of good and evil. It is of no concern to us that the scandal should come from a man who is more or less sincere. And for that matter one must use the word sincerity only with the greatest reservations. If one were to hear tomorrow that fifty-four thousand Italians had been executed in Milan or in Genoa, the same individuals who are so meticulous about the questions of proof would certainly not wait until the number of victims had been carefully added up before deafening us with their outcries.

The irreparable mistake that we have committed, and that we would greatly desire to prevent others from making, was to wait for these madmen—whose inner feelings we knew all about—to indict themselves by illegal action when those who inspired them purposely insisted, deliberately planned that they should remain within the limits of legal action—for thus their action was more effective. I willingly admit that today, as yesterday, these unhappy criminals have only a limited knowledge of the rôle the leaders of the New Reformation have reserved and still reserve for them, in the vast plan for the complete subversion of the world. But the circumstances of the French disaster make it perfectly possible for us to define that rôle, and also to tell them all about it when they do not know about it themselves. What the leaders of the New Reformation expected of them in our country was for them—without betrayal—to create a "climate" which would be favorable for the acceptance of France's fall and all the consequences of that fall, a muddied atmosphere in which the very horror of betrayal would not appear clearly in men's consciences, would become dimmed in vagueness and lies, like a face in the fog. All those people swore that they were not playing politics, that they belonged to no party, and yet they formed a party. They formed one, perhaps without knowing that they were doing so, for at the time their party had no name or program. It had to wait until our disaster gave it the one and the other. It was the party for the acceptance of Ruin, Resignation and Shame, and before it could have a public status it was indispensable that our shame should be without remedy, our collapse complete.

I claim here nothing that events have not demonstrated. I beg the reader to take the facts into account. When I left my country in 1938, who—exception made of a small number of Frenchmen—who would have thought seriously that under cover of an anti-communist crusade there existed an immense plan to create a defeatist mentality? In that enterprise and conspiracy one met the most incongruous elements, but almost all of them belonged, directly or indirectly, to those "right-minded" masses whose political timidity was legendary and whom one easily could take for harmless, since they had always appeared exaggeratedly docile to the slightest instructions of a clergy which, till then, was considered—because it constantly proclaimed its loyalty to the established régime—loyally republican. Politically speaking, it is true that this group formed what is called in physics an inert mass. Yet no sooner than the breakdown of France furnished a favorable slope for its dead weight, it at once started moving and the acceleration of its fall carried everything with it. Nothing is more peaceful, more reassuring to look at than is a huge mass of snow clinging to the slopes of a mountain just five minutes before the avalanche. Yet a few seconds later it is at the bottom of the valley; it is only a mass of stones and mud.

Eden Dawn

The garden lay
white and lonely in the dawn.
It was Eden on that day
knowing Eve and Adam gone.

It was Eden desolate
finding for the first time snow
bending stems and branches low
with its frosty barren weight.

The garden lay
still and secret in the dawn.
It was Eden on the day
one white tree God brooded on

strangely felt its boughs give way . . .
and a frightened little doe
sprinkled hoof-prints on the snow,
scattered terror in snow-spray.

The garden lay
calm and secret in the dawn.
Softly snow concealed what way
two in banishment had gone.

VIRGINIA ARNOLD.

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Communications

RICKENBACKER

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: I submit that the series of editorial comments in THE COMMONWEAL, issue of March 5, do not promote the domestic and international unity without which we cannot win the war. On the contrary, they tend to arouse unwise and unjust criticism, and to promote disastrous class antagonism.

The slurs upon America's inability to succor the children in the subjugated countries of Europe, starved by their fiendishly brutal conquerors, ignore the lack of shipping due to the temporary command of the sea by Hitler's submarines, and, likewise, the primary need of feeding and equipping our own fighting men and our Allies in every quarter of the globe.

The criticism of the Red Cross shows decided lack of appreciation of the marvelous work it is carrying on on every front in which our soldiers, sailors and aviators are fighting.

Your charge that Rickenbacker is exploiting his heroism "to sell the American public economic and political nonsense" is entirely unfounded and inopportune.

The "patriotic trade unionists," of whom there are hosts, are worthy of praise, but how about those "patriots" who are determined to rule or ruin by force?

Those absentee "patriots" who wilfully handicap Naval and Mercantile Marine construction? Those "patriots" who stall on the job; who clamor for higher pay and shorter hours on top of the highest wages ever received, even when cost of living was higher than at present, while their sons and brothers, meanwhile, daily face death and disfigurement during unlimited hours and at a fraction of these industrial wages? Those "patriots" at the top who, however sincere, have created a Juggernaut they are now unable to control, and who are slow to drive from their ranks unworthy and dishonest racketeers who bring discredit upon the cause of union labor? Those lesser local "patriots" who ignore their national leaders, defy the law and prey upon their own members as well as upon the "capitalist racketeers" whom you so unreservedly denounce?

BERNARD J. ROTHWELL.

Editors' Note: Mr. Rothwell seems to have misunderstood the comment on the Red Cross, which was to the effect that the refusal of the governments involved prevented the Red Cross from doing anything more than wringing its hands over the plight of Europe's starving millions. Permission has to be obtained from the British Admiralty to permit these shipments to go through the blockade, as well as from the German authorities. It should also be mentioned once more that the Swedish merchant marine, restrained from commerce with the belligerents during the war, is ready and eager to handle relief food shipments. Finally, it should always be remembered that the bulk of the available food is marooned in South America, excepting for our own large wheat surplus.

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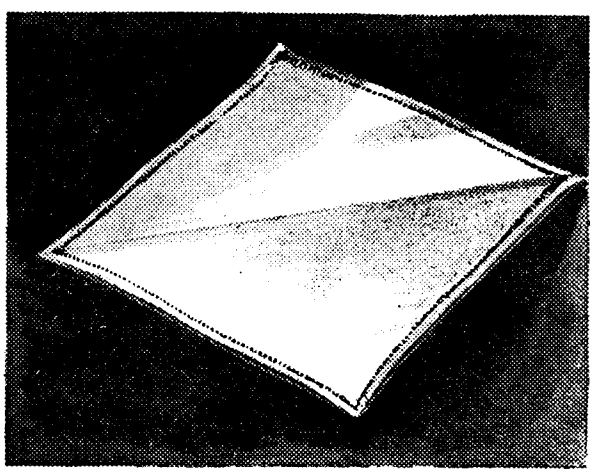

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The Stage & Screen

Kiss and Tell

MILDLY AMUSING and played by experts who squeeze out every comic possibility it contains. "Kiss and Tell" is perfect for people fond enough of "Corliss" stories to compel slick paper magazines to publish them with unending regularity. There must be a million people in New York alone who should find "Kiss and Tell" uproariously funny. This being so it may last for several years. The author, F. Hugh Herbert, in his understanding of adolescents, is no Booth Tarkington. And his brand of comedy is not delicate or sparkling. It is the kind which both radio people and magazines have found captivates the largest audiences.

An adolescent—in this instance Corliss—and her lifelong friend, slightly older, sold kisses for charity. The horrified parents of Corliss discovering this crime attach blame to the friend who thereafter becomes forbidden company. The ensuing quarrel between the parents of the two youngsters grows more acute and more noisy and culminates in a fist fight by the fond fathers. The girls and their brothers characteristically continue fast friends despite the foolish fighting of their parents. By various means the children complicate the parental conflicts, greatly to the satisfaction of the audience.

Sex, as is required when a Corliss-type story reaches Broadway, is not left in the wings. The plot is sustained by the mistaken belief of her parents that Corliss is pregnant, whereas the fact is that this fairly common, but for Corliss unconventional, condition belongs to her friend who has been secretly married to Corliss's brother.

This is homely comedy in standard sized American families as defined by popular magazines before December, 1941. Its humor depends almost entirely on the premise that parents are humorless. As a matter of fact they are.

Robert Keith and Jessie Royce Landis as the fearful parents of Corliss shape the comedy with telling sureness. *(At the Biltmore.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

What Keeper of Whose Flames

IF THE MAKERS of *"Keeper of the Flame"* thought they were going to repeat the successful combination of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy that made such a hit in "Woman of the Year," they were mistaken. The new film has little in common with the warm human comedy that gave those stars such an opportunity to shine at their best. "Keeper of the Flame" has a Hitchcock kind of story with good suspense and a melodramatic finish. With good direction practically anyone could have played the leads. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the screenplay which was based on the story by I. A. R. Wylie. The build-up and fuss, the impressive and cinematically tense scenes at the beginning are hardly justified by the weak and hurried solution that follows. While the nation mourns Robert Forrest, the much-loved, much-followed American patriot, Steve O'Malley (Tracy) decides to write the biography of this famous man with whose name people are coupling Lincoln's. Steve, a European war correspondent full of the horrors of war, knows that dying isn't the important thing: "it's living that counts." So when the crowd departs after Forrest's funeral, Steve lingers in the small Connecticut town to collect material on this man who has become a legend. But the writer is frustrated at every turn. Mrs. Forrest (Hepburn), living behind high walls on the large, well guarded estate, at first refuses to cooperate, then suddenly agrees to tell all; but she mysteriously tells nothing of the real Robert Forrest. Steve is baffled by the whole set-up, by Forrest's secretary (Richard Whorf), by Mrs. Forrest's handsome, ubiquitous "cousin" (Forrest Tucker), by the estate's gatekeeper (Howard da Silva), by the town's doctor (Frank Craven), by the local taxi driver (Percy Kilbride giving a fine performance in the film's only and much needed comedy relief), by a boy who verges on a breakdown through a confusion of guilt and grief (Darryl Hickman), by Forrest's insane mother (overplayed to the point of ham by Margaret Wycherly). Step by step, the writer puts together the unusual story of this great American who had a strange messianic quality and was able to do what he willed. It wouldn't be fair to give the film's solution because Director George Cukor has carefully arranged

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his scenes to lead to the big climax which bursts with patriotism—albeit a phoney kind of patriotism that is badly muddled on the ethics of killing for one's country. The whole moves slowly, is gripping while it's being unfolded but not entirely convincing. One always wonders in cases of this kind why the police or FBI wouldn't be called in. Victor Saville's production is good. Miss Hepburn looks gaunt and thin as the burdened widow, but comes to life before the finale. Mr. Tracy portrays the writer with feeling but without brilliance. "Keeper of the Flame" deserves credit for pointing out the dangers of fascism; it is unfortunate that the film had to bury its message under a welter of melodramatics.

After you get away from *"Happy Go Lucky"* it is difficult to remember what it was really about. You might remember that it mainly concerns some loose-moraled people whose object is to get one of their foursome (played by Mary Martin who is attractive to look at in color photography) married off to a wealthy bachelor (who is portrayed by Rudy Vallee in a far-fetched caricature manner that is a continuation of the rôle he created in Preston Sturges's "Palm Beach Story"). When Mary, after trying the obvious ways to a man's heart, gets Vallee to propose, she decides she doesn't want him and his millions but does want the shiftless beachcomber who has been encouraging her gold-digging ways. Dick Powell plays this rôle in a lackadaisical fashion which suggests that he has been studying Bing Crosby's carefree technique. Along with this thin plot we get a lot of Eddie Bracken and his irresponsible humor and Betty Hutton and her vigorous pursuit-of-a-male technique. The introduction of a love potion gives Bracken a chance to act like Puck, and Hutton a chance to stop her tomboyish chasing to cling like a vine for a while. All this takes place on some vague island in the Caribbean (that looks like a travel poster in gay technicolor) where the colored folk speak in a beautiful clipped English and where Calypso Singers perform in their inimitable style. Our cast shows effectively however that Calypsos can be imitated. They also sing several racy new songs and some old ones. Director Curtis Bernhardt tried to get speed and motion in his little picture. Occasionally he succeeded, but he was hampered by a pointless story and a script that couldn't be funny without being dirty. The result is a little too much like an old-fashioned burlesque show.

When the public clamors for escapist films, they don't necessarily mean completely frothy nothings like *"Slightly Dangerous."* This film does have a couple of moments that are really diverting—like the funny scene in which all the employees in a small chain-store go on a blindfold strike as a protest against the heroine's being fired; or the tense episode later when the heroine, pretending she is an amnesia victim, tries to prove she is the long-lost daughter of a millionaire by selecting what was her favorite childhood toy. No film could be a vacuum that was produced by Pandro S. Berman, directed by Wesley Ruggles and included Walter Brennan, May Whitty and Eugene Pallette in the cast. But this one comes pretty close. No one's heart seems to be in it. Several writers thought up the silly script, which by the way has the largest number of grammatical errors that have shown up in a film in a long time. Blonde Lana Turner, looking alternately wistful and wicked, wears a large assortment of fancy clothes after her rise from soda-jerk to pseudo-heiress. Robert Young is required to take a lot of punches in the stomach and slapstick falls and to do some awfully foolish things (including hanging perilously from the balcony of a concert hall) as he pursues Lana to make her come back to the department store to confess she did not commit suicide. The pursuit includes one of those silly (and oft-repeated since "It Happened One Night") scenes in which much fuss is made over going to bed. However, the actors can't be blamed. With good material, you'll find a good producer and a good director can steer a good cast through a good picture—at least three times out of ten.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN. *Vincent Sheean. Random.* $3.00.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF INDUSTRIAL DECENTRALIZATION. *Franz H. Mueller. Aquin Papers: No. 8. College of St. Thomas.* $0.25.

CALIFORNIA'S MISSIONS. *Hildegarde Hawthorne. Appleton-Century.* $5.00.

Continued Story

IT IS IMPROBABLE that anyone who read "Personal History" has forgotten that account by Vincent Sheean of his coming into contact with the world as it was after the other war. Mr. Sheean came out of the American Middle-West and traveled. He traveled into the confusion and selfishness of the post-war victorious states, into the awakening and unrest of China and the East, and into all the phenomena excited by a new world power—the power of communism. In those days communism had a far greater emotional content and attraction than it ever has had since, say, the Moscow trials. It had an immense attraction for many who were impatient of justice. Its action coincided locally with—either led or was parallel to—the aspirations of various subject peoples or classes. It was the time when Mounier in France, writing as a Catholic, could speak of the "temptation of communism" and resist that emotional temptation because his reason could not accept the communist premises and his prudence foresaw that they must necessarily lead to tyranny. Similarly there were many who were attracted to fascism—also on emotional grounds—yet who rejected fascism despite its coincidence with values they cared for, because its premises also could lead only to tyranny. Vincent Sheean, who is not a Catholic, sympathized with the revolution of the oppressed, felt the full strength of the communist appeal and did not become a communist. "Personal History" will be read again and again, for it is an extraordinary story of those years which seem now so distant and of the choice men of good will were called on to make.

And now "Between the Thunder and the Sun" carries the story into the present. Once again Mr. Sheean tells of his travels and once again his book is important. This time Mr. Sheean no longer is a young foreign correspond-

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ent. On his own merits, and incidentally through his marriage into the Forbes-Robertson family, he now dines with Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George; he moves freely in cosmopolitan society: wherever he goes he has access to sources of information generally closed to the wandering correspondent. Unashamedly he tells of his familiarity with the great and the rich and the politically responsible: unaffectedly and convincingly he shows that he is still mainly concerned with justice and the poor. From the marxist point of view his success story should show a good man gone wrong. It shows a man essentially unchanged, a man who refuses all labels.

Why is it that we are interested in Mr. Sheean? His views on China, his description of England during the year in which England fought alone, his analysis of American public opinion and its relationship to public policy—all these chapters in his book are important for an understanding of our times. His account of French politics before the war is not particularly good. Occasionally there is a certain incursion of simple chit-chat. Yet, undeniably and constantly we remain interested in Mr. Sheean. Why? Because in all he writes there is the pathetic quality and vision of a man who sees the tragedy and splendor of these cruel years.

"Oh, Give Me a Home . . ."

SUCH beautiful dreams we all have. Or had once, before we grew too busy, or discouraged about a dream's chances of survival in this hardboiled age. One of our own favorite dreams was the "brave new world" model, and nothing vague and academic about it either. We pictured everybody living on very definite little farms or in definite and beautiful little towns, where all the houses and buildings, including the churches, were of colonial or modern architecture (good modern, that is) and everybody had his own house and garden, maybe even a couple of acres, a cow and chickens. One foot in the factory and one foot on the farm, that sort of thing. Naturally there was a little theater group and an amateur orchestra, and the church choir sang Gregorian, Bach, and Palestrina, but good. Ah, Utopia.

Of course modern cities are nothing but "great garbage heaps," as Aldous Huxley once put it. And of course we ourselves could never be happy for long outside that greatest and most wonderful of all garbage heaps, little old New York. But that's only because we're hopelessly abnormal, we realize that. It shouldn't happen to normal people, we realize that too and we can even get excited about it on occasion.

It excites us, for example, that Franz Mueller can make such a sound, well-documented case in his Aquin Paper, "Economic Aspects of Industrial Decentralization," for the thesis that small business is nearly always more efficient than big business. Mr. Mueller has read all the professional economists, and he can quote the most conservative of them to prove that there is a point in every enterprise beyond which "complexity of organization, impersonal relations, divided responsibility, the multiplication of checks and balances, and the undermining of initiative and spontaneous interest in the success of business" all combine to lower profits and production. And he has convincing evidence to show that this point has already been passed in many American corporations.

During the old days of steam power the movement toward centralization, and therefore big cities, was pretty much inevitable. Nowadays, however, in an age of electricity and small combustion engines—cheap power and cheap transportation—the economic reasons for concentration have mostly disappeared. There has been a movement toward small-town industry (partly to avoid labor unions), but the drive toward bigness has also continued, even though it is now much more clearly a case of laziness and lust for power—that is, the very human desire to be a big shot and make an easy living by the simple expedient of eliminating competitors.

To date the most colorful and articulate exponents of decentralization have been the handicraft-agrarians: people like Eric Gill, Peter Maurin, and Dorothy Day. Valuable as their contributions to Christian social thought have been, it is perhaps unfortunate that the idea of breaking up big business into smaller units has become so closely linked in the popular mind with a liking for beards, spinning wheels, and home-made shoes. It is encouraging that less extreme, more scholarly reformers like Mr. Mueller are taking up the problem. Big cities are garbage heaps and, we guess, a pretty bad business all around.

The Achievement of the Padres

FEW OF US realize today the obstacles which Father Junipero Serra and his fellow Franciscans overcame in building up their sturdy string of Missions along the Camino Real in California. Not only did the founding of these Christian centers, each a day's journey from the other, demand the utmost in courage, determination and enterprise, but the task of maintaining them was even greater. There were the Indians themselves who on occasion without apparent provocation would turn upon their would-be benefactors. And the Spanish soldiers could be almost always counted upon to rouse these primitive natives to the boiling point by their ruthless treatment. Father Serra's work of founding was completed just before the end of the eighteenth century, and during the next thirty years the Missions had their golden day.

Even in their heyday there were difficulties on every side. There were droughts and storms, severe earthquakes which destroyed some of the finest buildings, and then in the background lurked the pirate, Bouchard, whose raids or threats of raids were a constant source of worry to the Padres. The heaviest blow of all fell in 1832, when the government of Mexico secularized all the Missions, ousted the Fathers and placed a civil governor in charge. The patient and heroic labor of decades was soon swept away as greed and lawlessness and lack of responsibility brought most of the Missions to ruin and disuse. It was only thirty years later, when President Buchanan and President Lincoln returned these centers to the Church, that the work of restoration could begin. Even then many of the Missions lay neglected and overgrown for years and only in the last twenty years has California pride brought about the restoration of each and every one of them.

As one reads Miss Hawthorne's sympathetic narratives, he is struck by the similarity of the rise and fall of each of the twenty Missions. Their vicissitudes soon come to take on a familiar pattern of starting from nothing, expanding into prosperity and collapsing due to *force majeure*. But of even greater interest is the type of communal life which developed around each Franciscan mission post. In every case a large expanse of ground was prepared for cultivation, herds of cattle started and bountifully multiplied, while a whole series of communal buildings sprang up

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about the church. There were special quarters for the unmarried girls, and dormitories for the single men. When marriages took place the Indians usually built their huts within a stone's throw of the historic communal center. The architecture and decorations were a happy combination of the Spanish and the indigenous, as the latest restorations have revealed. And so Miss Hawthorne presents a colorful picture—not always a happy one—of the founding and expansion among the Indians of Christian centers with a common life.

Much of the pleasure in "California's Missions" is provided by the light wash drawings of the late E. H. Suydam. They add materially to the text. One serious omission is an end paper or frontispiece map which would have indicated the progress of the Padres up the Coast from San Diego de Alcala (the first Mission, founded July 16, 1769). In each case the author gives the date of founding, but it would have been even more useful to have plotted the site of each mission on a map. In the course of this story the reader encounters a good many figures that have made the history of California and which are perpetuated today in the names of various Pacific towns and city streets. The treatment throughout indicates that the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne understands completely the objectives of the Padres who founded California. Her volume makes an excellent gift book.

More Books of the Week

Seven Came Through. Edward V. Rickenbacker. Doubleday. $1.50.

WE ARE the only country in the world where a successful automobile manufacturer can be respected as an authority on diet; a transatlantic flier as an authority on international politics; an irascible first baseman as a noble character and authority on penology; and now and finally, a professional hero as an authority on labor conditions. I don't know whether Thurman Arnold detailed this dangerous characteristic of the American mind as part of his folklore of capitalism, but it is indubitably a part.

There is little point in saying that Eddie Rickenbacker has feet of clay, because by now it should be evident to everyone but the NAM that his feet are clay to the knees. His is the Alger story of the poor boy who, through good fortune and toadying to rich men, became a successful (i.e., rich) man himself. He has had incredibly good luck, augmented by the unusual physical equipment without which a professional soldier or professional athlete cannot succeed, nor indeed long survive. He has, too, the qualities of mind which the professional soldier and/or athlete must have for success: the ruthlessness; the lack of imagination, so invariably mistaken for courage; the blind faith in his star.

The story of his latest exploit is here told by himself, apparently with the aid of one of Mr. Luce's hacks. (Wonder if Clare calls them Looshacks?) The actual story of the days at sea takes something less than sixty of the smallish 118 pages which comprise the book. The story is not greatly different from others of its kind; other castaways have suffered more; others, less. The more vigorous and healthy of the eight men had no great trouble surviving. Sergeant Kaczmarczyk, who died, had only recently recovered from jaundice and an appendectomy; Colonel Adamson was in no better condition than most men in their fifties; Sergeant Reynolds suffered a very bad cut across his face in the crash, and the salt water, as usual, made this slow to heal. But the others, all things considered, stayed in good shape, because they were the athletes which airmen have to be, and which the armed forces carefully selects and trains them to be.

Rickenbacker is no novelist and he states in the book that he will not relate what went on in their minds, although all of them spoke most frankly at times. In this respect, he is morally superior to the natural novelist, who could not bear to miss such an opportunity. But this virtue carries also a defect with it in that the tale loses richness and nobility. Besides, although he has the professional reticence of the professional hero, Rickenbacker manages to make himself pretty much the hero of the piece and the well-known perpendicular pronoun is just a little too much in evidence.

They drank rainwater when they could get it; one or two got sick from drinking salt water; they ate a gull and fish. It is interesting to note that their early hunger was not sufficient to cause them to eat chocolate spoiled by sea-water, or their later hunger to keep them from rejecting shark meat. Captain Cherry tried to maintain his gun in working order with the oil secreted by the outside of his nose and the backs of his ears. Private Bartek, alone in the smallest boat at one time, deliberately cast himself adrift from the others, but, according to Rickenbacker, could offer no reason for his action. They read Bartek's New Testament aloud every day, favoring particularly the 23rd Psalm and Matthew vi. 31-34. Some were scornful and bitter when their prayers were not quickly answered. Rickenbacker decently says that the crucifix and three Saint Christopher medals he carried with him had not much more than superstitious significance for him. I say that this is decent of Rickenbacker, because since he has ruthlessly used his position and accomplishments to attempt to exploit and degrade labor, he could also have portrayed himself as a devout and religious person, which he honestly admits he is not.

He was against their separating, although Cherry was picked up in the smallest boat and indicated the position of the others only after the boats separated. They cursed and berated each other frequently, and Rickenbacker admits some of the others took a dislike to himself, but does not say whether they got over it or not after they were rescued. There are a few inconsistencies which Lincoln Colcord will probably be able to comment on better than I, but in general this is the story.

The rest of the book is devoted to how Rickenbacker came to make the trip, what he did after the rescue, how well certain important people regard him, and a surprisingly small amount of anti-labor propaganda. It is not until page 74 that Rickenbacker points out that the men at certain Pacific bases do not work a forty-hour week.

So the story of itself is not a very important one as such stories go. What is important is the way it and Rickenbacker himself are being used in the vicious campaign to deprive labor of its rightful and hard-bought gains. Lacking imaginative insight, Rickenbacker probably does not realize fully what he is doing or how he is being used. It is even possible that through "invincible ignorance," or some similar but less definite mental process he is not guilty of malice in the theological sense. He must, nevertheless, be regarded not only as the enemy of labor, but less directly as the enemy of certain democratic processes, our latest and, with W. Lee O'Daniel, one of the most dangerous candidates for the man on horseback.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

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The Great Age of Greek Literature. Edith Hamilton. Norton & Co. $3.50.

THERE ARE two things such a book as this may do, instruct as knowledge or delight as literary appreciation. Miss Hamilton's gift is for the latter, and no one can say that, in the present state of classical literature in this country, it is not an important task. One may talk about the classics as long as one pleases, but until they are more widely loved as literature and as the well-spring of an attitude toward life that is vital to our day, the study of the classics will not flourish. This book, an elaboration of the author's "The Greek Way," is in reality a series of short essays or appreciations of the greatest Greek authors and of the spirit, style and outlook of Greek literature. As such it is interpretative without being pretentious and is alive with the author's keen and felicitious enjoyment of the subject.

The author is an excellent translator of poetry. Greek verse in her hands, on becoming English, remains poetry, musical and passionate, and is the special strength of the book. She writes well of the prose authors, but not exceptionally well; while to her studies of poetry she communicates a lyrical freshness that would, I think, make an undergraduate approach a Greek text as great literature which he was eager to have the skill to read.

The author also attempts to define the Greek genius in the large. Negatively she does so by comparing it with the Egyptian or the Oriental spirit. Like all negative criticism this is rather unsuccessful and the Egyptian and Oriental ways, treated unsympathetically, appear poorer things than is actually admissible. To define the Greek spirit positively she begins with "To rejoice in life, to find the world beautiful and delightful to live in, was a mark of the Greek spirit." But this has to be still further qualified by the quality of factual realism in the Greek perception. "The things men live with, noted as men of reason note them, not slurred over or evaded, not idealized away from actuality, and then perceived as beautiful—that is the way Greek poets saw the world." That is well said and there are many ways of thought, much nearer us than the Egyptian or the Oriental, which would offer instructive contrast. E. P. RICHARDSON.

Old Principles and the New Order. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Sheed and Ward. $2.75.

THE COMING of another spring, laden with the surprises that delight you when God's green things grow up under your fingers, makes Father McNabb's emphasis on farm-work opportune. Our wartime preoccupation with food-sources and how to tap them sufficiently for allied world needs, lifts that emphasis a notch or two. The kindly Dominican's insistence on a general exodus from urban centers back to the countryside and the soft earth becomes more understandable to Americans who must eat their bred by the let of the OPA and to the people of the freed countries whose lend-lease food must come from our farms. We miss, in his book, the argument for distributism that is latent in War Ration Book Two. He wrote too soon.

Interesting, beyond any doubt, is his teaching that towns are the proximate occasions of sin and that the only approved moral adjustment that can be made and must be made by the man of average virtue is flight, flight back to the land. His condemnation of city life is given in two of the essays as follows, "Some men wrest a living from nature; and it is Work. Some men wrest a living from those who wrest a living from nature; and it is Trade. Some men wrest a living from those who wrest a living from those who wrest a living from nature; and it is Finance."

You must read it if you want to knows the economics of the ten commandments, of the Gospels, of peace. If you read, as does this reviewer, sympathetically, you will agree with the author that a successful Catholic land movement must be "motivated by the love of God and the effective desire for full family life." You will subscribe, also, to his conclusion that the dignity of land-work and hand-work can be restored if contemplative men and women will set the pace, prayerfully. You may not wish to go all the way with him in his condemnation of big-scale cattle raising and big-scale land-cultivation. Many will part company with him when he insists that things be consumed where they are produced—after all, we do not grow grapefruit or oranges in Western New York.

His analysis of Saint Thomas Aquinas's sentence, "Peace ceases when all seek what is their own," is memorable. The story entitled "A Widow of 75" is poetry. "Old Principles and the New Order" will drag from you your latent opinions for or against rural life as the fountain-head of renewed Catholicity and a second chance at happiness. You will not remain neutral.

JOHN P. BOLAND.

We Landed at Dawn. A. B. Austin. Harcourt. $2.00.

THE STORY of the Dieppe raid by the British and Canadian commandos is told in this book with vivid simplicity. Mr. Austin, correspondent of the London *Daily Herald,* was assigned to various units of the attacking troops and shared in their training; he was as much a part of the raid as any soldier in it; his narrative is tight and objective and pretty much a soldier's story with the additional advantage of his journalist's eye for significant detail.

There seems to be no doubt that the raid was a dress-rehearsal for future landing-operations in force, a preview of continental invasion, and a break-away from the traditional concepts of the war entertained by the British staff. Despite the heavy losses suffered by the attackers, the success of the raid proved the possibility of landing on the continent, provided all arms engaged would work with complete precision and according to careful plan. The uncalculable bad luck of Three Commando, when it ran into a flotilla of German E-boats off Berneval and gave the alarm, was one of the main causes for the large loss of life. It can be attributed to the dense fog and a bit of German good luck, rather than to any inherent failure in the plan. J. G. E. HOPKINS.

The Larks of Umbria. Albert Paul Schimberg. Bruce. $2.75.

The Better Life. Kilian J. Hennrich, O.F.M.Cap. Wagner. $2.50.

HERE is a biography of Saint Francis of Assisi which will appeal to the less scholarly reader. The author is familiar with the source material and handles it well. Written in a popular style, it conveys the spirit of Francis and his early followers, Brothers Leo, Juniper and Bernard. The conflicts and opposition which tried and tested the idealism of Saint Francis and his devotees, the rule and its interpretation under Minister General Elias, the plans which Cardinal Ugolino the diplomat worked out for the new foundation are all set forth with simplicity and

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larity. There is also a very interesting chapter on the beginning of the Third Order. Saint Clare's rôle in the life of Francis and her guidance and advice during the days of crisis for his order are narrated with understanding.

"The Better Life" is a valuable contribution to Tertiary literature. The author, out of a wealth of experience and knowledge, elaborates every phase of the Rule of the Third Order of Saint Francis and substantiates the words of Pope Leo XIII: "My plan to reform society is the Third Order."

In spots, there is over-enthusiasm. The repeated reference to "the order" is apt to be misinterpreted. The Third Order is not, nor in canon law has it ever been reputed to be, an order. There are only four canonical religious orders in the Church. But on the other hand it is not just another pious society. It is definitely a rule of Christian life and a seminary of sanctity.

JOSEPH P. ASCHERL.

The Inner Forum

Catholic Chaplains in World War II

ALTHOUGH, strictly speaking, one cannot term the United States Armed Forces a diocese, Archbishop Spellman in his capacity as Military Vicar is now head of the largest and most far-flung aggregate of Catholics in the world.

The first Catholic Chaplains to serve in a formal capacity with the U.S. Armed Forces were the two priests appointed by President Polk in 1846. In the Civil War, there were some hundred priests in the field, mostly volunteers serving with recognized state organizations; they were eventually commissioned as Chaplains, and put under the spiritual charge of Archbishop Hughes of New York. There were some fifteen regularly appointed Chaplains in the War of 1898, together with a number of unofficial auxiliaries. Upon the mobilization of the Armed Forces of the U.S. on April 16, 1917, there were a total of 25 Catholic Chaplains to look after some 300,000 Catholic troops. By the close of the war, there were some 1,023 Catholic Chaplains in active service.

Before the autbreak of the present conflict there were 31 regular Catholic Chaplains in the U.S. Army, 19 in the Navy, 91 serving as auxiliaries, 69 in the National Guard, and 212 on the reserve list: a total of 422. On December 11, 1939, the Military Ordinariate for the U.S. Armed Forces was reorganized. Archbishop Spellman was appointed Military Vicar (*Vicarius Castrensis*). At the same time, His Excellency, Most Reverend John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., until then President of Notre Dame University, was created Titular Bishop of Milasa and Military Delegate. On the 15th of January, 1941, there were some 361 Chaplains attached to the Ordinariate, including 81 in active service with the Army, 29 with the Navy, and the rest serving with Reserve and National Guard units. By the middle of March, 1942, this number had practically doubled, amounting to some 530 in the Army, 79 in the Navy, and 83 serving as auxiliary Chaplains. There are now well over 1,000 in the Army, 225 in the Navy.

Dramatists were frank—

MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR PLAYS

This collection of Medieval and Tudor plays is not for the bourgeois mind. But it is recommended to all who are offended by plaster substitutes and emotional crucifixes. Professor Wells has already earned our gratitude with his translation of PIERS PLOWMAN. Here, in concert with Professor Loomis, he has reproduced in readable English the medieval spirit without apology and without exaggeration.

The first three dramas deal with that charming and "respectable old party," Saint Nicholas. A medieval Lady Macbeth spurs her husband on to the killing of innocent schoolboys:

Where is your sword? Go, kill them where they lie;
And so from this time on shall you and I
Live like old Croesus. Do the job up right,
And God won't know what's happened here tonight.

Enter Saint Nicholas, worn and travel-stained. There is something of the Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum atmosphere here, that recalls the roars of medieval applause that must have greeted his fiery denunciation:

. . . old man come straight from hell,
You have here in this house, I know right well,
Meat that has just been slaughtered. Foul the deed,
And foul the vice that led you to it—greed.

The scene closes with a beautiful speech:

God to whom sky and air and sea and land
Are only playthings in Thy powerful hand,
These who now cry to Thee do Thou forgive
And grant that these young scholars rise and live.

Of intenser value is Andrieu de la Vigne's THE BLIND MAN AND THE CRIPPLE. This farce-miracle is the source of Synge's WELL OF THE SAINTS. Two beggars—a blind man and a cripple—come to terms; the blind man is to carry the cripple who will lend him his eyes. A relic of St. Martin is about to be borne by in procession, and the cripple wishes to make speed to another quarter, for if he were cured, everyone would shout, "Be off and do some honest labor." By mistake they make straight for the procession, and St. Martin, with a beautiful sense of humor, heals both of them. The blind man is converted and grateful, but the cripple goes off to disfigure himself for further begging activities.

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY, from the Wakefield group has both realism and tenderness. The famous fraud of Mak and Jill, and the stolen sheep in the cradle, is followed by the visit of the angels and the adoration of the shepherds. A bob of cherries, a bird and a tennis ball are their gifts to the Divine Baby.

Following the shepherds, comes an all-day entertainment called THE MYSTERY OF THE REDEMPTION. It begins with the fall of Lucifer and ends with the Last Judgment. But the canvas is not crowded! The simplicity of the rendering makes it move swiftly. One of the memorable moments of the play comes when a shepherd bids the Divine Child goodbye with, "Fare thee well my Darling dear."

The editors have added to this a fresh translation of the perennially new morality of EVERYMAN. A decided improvement on other versions is evident in its obvious adherence to the original text. Then come two of John Heywood's interludes. Perhaps, as one reviewer thinks, there is one interlude too many. Perhaps the collection as it stands will help to establish a balance of our views of the Middle Ages. We have been too long swinging between the two extremes of a golden age and a secret inferno.

The Middle Ages were neither. Fraud was less complex than now and went by its baptismal name. As always when there are men, there was light and darkness and struggle. But as this reviewer already stated, this is not a book for the bourgeois. Or is it?

—EVELYN ST. JOHN in THE CANADIAN REGISTER

REPRESENTATIVE MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR PLAYS. Translated and edited by Henry W. Wells and Roger S. Loomis. $3.50

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The Military Ordinariate is the headquarters for the spiritual direction of more than two million Catholics, supplying them with all the essentials provided by a well regulated parish rectory and diocesan chancery. With the outbreak of the present war, the interest of both Army and Navy in providing a competent and well-ordered Corps of Chaplains has grown apace. During the World War, the Army organization was anything but happy. There was no regular Corps of Chaplains; as a consequence, the Chaplain was burdened with such various duties as the provision of entertainment, the keeping of officers' mess accounts, and acting as post exchange officer. All this has been changed. Since 1920, there has been an Army Corps of Chaplains with a Chief. The present incumbent is Monsignor William R. Arnold, with the rank of Brigadier General. His staff includes more than twenty officers, handling executive, personnel, training and information activities. The Navy has a somewhat similar set-up, organized in 1917 under the Naval Bureau of Personnel. It has naturally a much smaller staff, and is under the Chief of Naval Chaplains, Captain Robert D. Workman, a Presbyterian.

The War Department, acutely conscious of the tremendous importance of the spiritual and moral well-being of its armed forces, has made generous provision and appropriation for the maintenance of religious service and activity. Already, for the Army alone, there are more than a thousand chapels, most of them completed, and equipped for the use of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Both the Army and Navy distribute official hymn and service books, each containing a separate Catholic section. Copies of the Sacred Scriptures have also been issued in three editions, one acceptable to each of the three major religious bodies. Under the directive guidance of the USO, the various welfare agencies are functioning as a unit to supply recreational and other facilities for the armed forces: they are expected to cooperate with the Chaplain.

Due to uniform Seminary training, Catholics have no difficulty meeting the intellectual and religious requirements of the Army or Navy, which in general demand of each candidate an A.B. or B.S. degree or its equivalent, and/or graduation from an accredited seminary, together with a certain minimum of pastoral experience. The Army's age limit runs from 24 to 50, with emphasis upon the fact that men under 44 are required for "troop duty;" the Navy takes men between 22 and 50—its plan to enlist men still in the Seminary has been rejected by the Catholics, though some of the Protestants have considered accepting it. The physical requirements are, for all practical purposes, the same as those for regular officers. Thus far, application has been on a quasi-voluntary basis: the Bishops and Religious Superiors have been sending in men who have shown a willingness to enter.

For most Protestant denominations, there is a joint commission on Army and Navy Chaplains under the chairmanship of Dr. Arthur S. Devan. The Jewish Welfare Board functions under Dr. David de Sola Pool for the Jewish Chaplains.

It is the War Department's desire that the Chaplain function primarily as a religious factor; indicative of this is its insistence that he be addressed as *Chaplain* though he range in rank from First Lieutenant to Brigadier General. There is a similar emphasis in the Navy, where the Chaplains rank from Lieutenant (j.g.) to Captain. Chief of Army Chaplains Monsignor William R. Arnold is likewise emphatic in his instructions to the newly appointed

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members of his corps that "sound and vigorous spirituality in thought and action is the *only* sure foundation for real patriotism and personal peace and happiness." It is the Chaplain's business to ensure this religious development in his fellow soldiers. Hence he is bidden: "Don't fritter away your time and energy with activities which have no practical relationship to your chief duties as a teacher of God's law and a minister of God's grace. . . . Army Regulations clearly and precisely define your duties and responsibilities."

In practice, the facilities afforded the Chaplain for the prosecution of the spiritual interests of his men depend in good part upon the cooperation of his Commanding Officer, and on his own ingenuity. In well established camps, the Chaplains are providing as good spiritual guidance for their men as most of them were accustomed to in civilian life—if not better.

A significant development, due to military and war conditions, is the celebration of evening Mass, said for the convenience of the men after their daily work is completed. Attendance at daily Mass is thus on the increase, as is also daily communion. The Eucharistic fast has been modified to abstention from alcoholic liquor from the previous midnight, from solid food for four hours, and from all liquid for one hour before the evening Mass for both priest and military personnel.

The Chaplain administers the sacraments, consoles the sick, checks the wayward, assists those in difficulty. He is kept busy. It is, of course, an old military byline that as a last resort the soldier should "tell it to the Chaplain." He does.

Reading through the Corps of Chaplain's most recent appeal for more Chaplains, and glancing at the headlines in the papers recording American combat records and casualties, one cannot help being struck by the urgency of the appeal. There can be no doubt about the exemplary work done both in the training and actual battle centers by our Chaplains; nor of the obvious danger and disaster suffered by men deprived of the ministrations of their priests, in the Army or Navy. There is just no comparison between the spiritual faithfulness and vigor of a unit sufficiently staffed with Chaplains, and one lacking so vital a necessity.

The splendid record of the Catholic Chaplains—and of the others—in the Philippines and Bataan, in the Solomons, and now in North Africa can hardly be overestimated. And though it is the business of a Chaplain to take as prudent a care of his life as possible—for dead, he is useless—news is gradually filtering through of deaths and casualties in action: sad, but not unheroic facts.

FRANCIS X. MURPHY.

CONTRIBUTORS

William A. BROWNELL, after graduating from the University of California in Berkeley, spent six months as educational adviser in the CCC, then joined the staff of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*. He is now working as a flanger leaderman in one of the Kaiser shipyards.

Georges BERNANOS, well-known French author, sent us these notes from Brazil.

Virginia ARNOLD lives in Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Harry SYLVESTER, author of "Dearly Beloved," is a frequent contributor of short stories to national magazines.

E. P. RICHARDSON is assistant director of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Rev. John P. BOLAND, formerly chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board, has returned to Buffalo.

J. G. E. HOPKINS is on the faculty of the College of Notre Dame of Staten Island.

Joseph P. ASCHERL is manager of the Guild Book Shop, New York, N. Y.

Rev. Francis X. MURPHY, C.SS.R., is on the faculty of Holy Redeemer College, Washington, D. C.

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